*Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
*Theſ.* My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde:
So flew'd, ſo ſanded: and their heads are hung
VVith eares, that ſweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls:
Slowe in purſuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*.
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft. What nymphes are theſe?
*Egeus.* My Lord, this my daughter heere a ſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.
I wonder of their being here together.
*The.* No doubt, they roſe vp earely, to obſerue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our ſolemnitie.
But ſpeake, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce?
*Egeus.* It is, my Lord.
*Theſe.* Goe, bid the huntſmen wake them with their (hornes,
*Shoute within: they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.*
*The.* Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is paſt.
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple, now?
*Lyſ.* Pardon, my Lord.
*The.* I pray you all, ſtand vp.
I know, you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,





To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,
*Lyſ.* My Lord, I ſhal reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, haife waking. But, as yet, I
I cannot truely ſay how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truely would I ſpeake
And now I doe bethinke mee, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia*, hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*: where we m
Without the perill of the *Athenian* law
*Ege.* Enough, enough my Lord: you h
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they wo
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee, of my conſe
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your
*Deme.* My Lord, faire *Helen* told me
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wo
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee.
But my good Lord, I wote not by what
(But by ſome power it is) my loue,
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnowe)
Seemes to me now as the remembranc
Which in my childehoode I did dote vp
And all the faith, the vertue of my hear
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine ey
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I ſee *Hermia*:
But, like a ſickneſſe, did I loath this foo
But, as in health, come to my naturall t
Now I doe wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
*The.* Faire louers, you are fortunatel
Of this diſcourſe, we more will here an



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